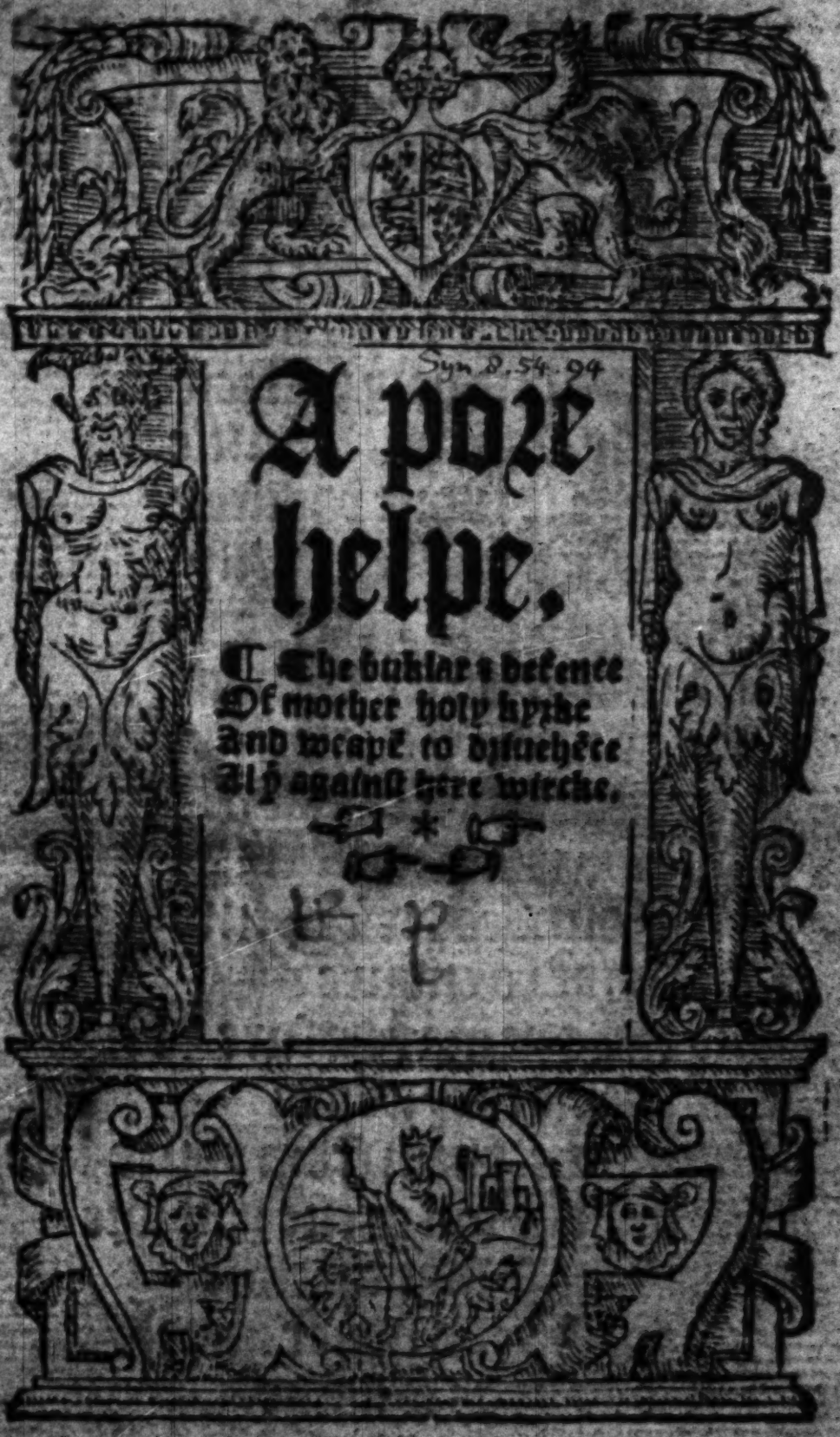
Syn. 8.54.94

A pore helpe.

¶ The buklar & defence
Of mother holy kyrke
And weapē to driuehēce
Al ẏ against here wircke.



Wil none in al this lande
Step forth & take in hand
These felowes to wstand
In number like the sande
That wyth the Gospel melles
And wil do nothynge elles
But tratlinge tales telles
Agaynste our holy prelacie
And holy churches dignitie
Sayinge it is but papistrie
Yea fayned and Hypocrisy
Erronious and heresye
And taketh theire authoritye
Out of the holy euangelie
All customes ceremoniall
And rites ecclesiastical
Not grounded on scripture
No longer to endure
And thus ye may be sure
The people they allure
And drawe them from youre lore
The whiche wil greue you sore
Take hede I saye therfore
Your nede was neuer more
But sens ye be so slacke
It greueth me a lacke

140.95

To

To here be hind your backe
Howe they wyll carpe and cracke
And none of you that dare
With one of them compare
Yet some ther be that are
So bolde to shewe there ware
And is no prieste nor deacon
And yet wyl fire his be cone
Against such felowes fraile
Make out wyth tothe and nayle
And hoyste vp mayne saile
And manfully to fyght
In holy prelates right
With penne and ynke and paper
And like no trifling Japer
To touch these felowes in dede
And J in dede am he
That wayteth for to se
Who dare so hardy be
To encounter here with me
J stande here in defence
Of sume that be far hence
And can both blysse and sence
And also vnder take
Right holy thinges to make
Yea god withtn a cake

And who so that forsake
His breade shalbe dowe bake
I openly professe
The holy blissed masse
Of strength to be no lesse
Then it was at the firste
But I woulde se who dourst
Set that amonge the worst
For he should be acurst
With boke and bell and candel
And so I would him handel
That he shoulde right wel knowe
Howe to escape I trow
So hardy on his head
Deprave our holy breade
Or els to prate or patter
Against oure holy watter
This is a playne matter,
It nedeth not to flatter
They be suche holy thinges
As hath bene vsed with kinges
And yet these lewde loselles
That bragge vpon ther Gospelles
At ceremonies swelles
And at our christined belles
And at your longe gownes

And at your shauen crownes
And at your tippettes fyne
The Jauelles will repyne
They saye ye lead euil liues
Wyth other mens wyues
And wil none of your owne
And so your sede is sowne
In other mens grounde
True wedlocke to confound
Thus do they raile and Raue
Calling euery prieste knaue
That loueth messe to saye
And after Jdelal day
They woulde not haue you playe
To driue the time awaye
But brabble on the byble
Whiche is but vn possible
To be lerned in al your life
Yet therin be they rife
Which maketh al this strife
And also the paraphrasies
Much differeig frō your porteises
They woulde haue dayly bled
And porteise cleane refused
But they shalbe accused
That haue so far abused

Their tonges against such holines
And holy churches busines
Wade hundred yeres a go
Great clearckes affirmeth so
And other many mo
That searched to and fro
In scripture for to fynde
What they myght leaue behinde
For to be kept in mynde
Amonge the people blind
As waueringe as the wynde
And wrote thereof suche bokes
That who so on them lokes
Shal find them to be clarkes
As proueth by their warks
And yet therebe that barke
And say they be but darcke
But harke ye loulars harke
So wel we shal you marcke
That if the worlde shall turne
A sort of you shall burne
Ye durst as wel I saye
Wythin this tow yeres day
As sone to rune a waye
As such partes to playe
When sume dyd rule and reygne

And

And auncient thinges maintayne
Which nowe be counted vaine
And brought into disdayne
Suche men I saye they were
As loued not thys geare
And kept you styl in feare
To burne or faggottes bere
Then durste ye not be blode
(Against our lerninges olde
Or images of golde
Which nowe be bought and solde
And were the lay mãnes boke
Whereon they ought to loke)
One worde to speake a misse
Can ye say nay to this:
No no ye foles I wysse
A thinge to playne it is.
Then did these clarkes deuyne
Dayly them selues encline
To proue and to define
That Christes body aboue
Whiche suffered for oure loue
And died for oure behoue
Is in the sacrament
Flesshe blonde and bone present
And breade and wyne a waye

Alone as they shall saye
The wordes of consecracion
In time of celebracion
So muste it be in dede
Though it be not in the crede
And yet thes felowes newe
Wyl saye it is not true
Christes body for to bewe
Wyth any bodely eye
That do they playne deny
And stifely stand therby
And enter prise to wright
And also to endight
Bokes both great and smal
Agaynste these fathers al
And heresy it cal
That any man should teach
Or to the people preache
Such things without their reach
And some ther be that say
That Christ cannot alday
Be kept within a bor
Nor yet set in the stokes
Nor hidden like a for
Nor preloner vnder lockes
Nor clothed w powdred armine

Nor

Nor bredeth stinking vermine
Nor dwelleth in an howse
Nor eatyn of a mouse
Nor moulde or he be spent
Nor yet with fire be brent
Nor can no more be slayne
Nor offered vp agayne
Blessed sacrament for thy passion
Here and se our exclamacion
Agaynste thes men of new facion
That striue agaynst the holy nacio
And Jest of them in plays
In tauerns and hye wayes
And theyr good actes dispraysse
And martirs woulde them make
That brent were at a stake
And sing pipe meri annot
And play of wil not cannot
And as for cannot and wil not
Though they speke not of it it skil (not
For a noble clarke of late
And worthie in estate
Hath played with them chek mate
Theyr courage to abate
And telles them such a tale
As makes theyr bonettes vale
And marreth cleane the sale.

Of all their whole paſtime
And al is done in ryme
Oh, what a man is thys
That if he coulde I wyſſe
Woulde mend that is amys
His meaninge is in dede
That if he myght wel ſpede
And beare ſome rule againe
It ſhoulde be to their paine
I thinke they were but worthye
Becauſe they be ſo ſturdy
To rayle againſte the wircke
Of our mother holy kyrke
Yet ſome ther be in fume
And prowdly do preſume
Unto thys learned man
To anſwere and they can
And wene they had the grace
His balad to deface
And trowe ye that wilbe?
Nay nay beleue ye me
I take my marke amys
If once he dyd not mys
A verie narowe hys
Wel if you come agayne
Maye happen twelue men

Shall

Shal doe as they dyd then
Haue you forgote the bar
That euer ther you war
And stode to make and mar
By god and by the concrey
You had a narowe entrey
Take hede of coram nobis
We wyl reken wyth vobis
If you come agayne
We wyl know who pulled the hen
For all your bolde courage
You maye paye for the potage
And are you nowe so bragge
You maye come to lagge
Your happe may be to wagge
Upon a wodden nagge
Or els a fayer fyer
May hap to be your hier
Take hede lest you tyer
And lye downe in the myer
Holde fast by the mane
By the masse it is no game
If my Lord ware not lame
You wyll all be tame
When you here him next
Marche well his texte

He hath ben curtly vext
I fere me he be wext
A popistant stout
Surely all the rout
That heres him shall doubt
He wylbe in and out
Prowlynge rounde about
To get forth the snowt
Ik prayer maye do good
Fill the whole brood e
Skuruy, skabbed, and skald
Shauen, shorne, and baule
Pore prestes of Baule
We praye for him all
Unto the god of breade
For ik he be deade
We emay go to bed
Blyndefild and be led
Without rag or shred
But I am sore adred
I se him loke so red
Yet I durste ley my heade
As docter frier saide
He hath some what in store
Wel you shal knowe more
Herken well therefore

Some

Some shal paye the skore
He hath ben a pardoner
And also a garddener
He hath ben a vitaylar
A Lordly hospitelar
A noble teacher
And so so a preacher
Though Germin his man
Were hanged what than
Say worsse and you can
Best let him a lone
For Peter James and John
And Apostelles euery one
I giue you playne warninge
Had neuer no suche learnyng
As hath thys famous clarke
He is lerned be beyond the marke
And also mayster huggarde
Doth shewe him selfe no fluggard
Nor yet no drunkin drunkarde
But sharpeth vp hys wyt
And frameth it so fyt
These yonkers for to hit
And wil not them permit
In errour stil to sit
As it may wel apeare

Bp Gardiner

German Gardiner
ye Bps Secretary

Mr Huggard
ye hosier.

By

By his clarkely answere
The whiche intitled is
Agaynste what meaneth this
A man of olde sorte
And writeth not in sporte
But answereth ernestly
Concludynge heresy
And yet as I trowe
Some bluster and bloude
And crake (as the crowe)
But nettes wyl wee laye
To cache them if we maye
For if I beging
I wyll bringe them in
And feche in my colyns
By the whole dosens
And call them coram nobis
And teache them dominus vobis
With his et cum spiritutuo
That holy be both duo.
When they be sayed and songe
In holy latyn tonge
And solemne belles do ringe
But these babes be to yonge
Perkyng vpon theyr patins
And fayne would haue the mattes

And

And euenynge ſonge alſo
In Engliſhe to be do
With mariage and baptiſing
Burialles and other thyng
In vulgare tonge to ſaye and ſing
And ſo they do it newly
In diuerſe places truly
Sayinge they do but duely
Mayntenyng it in any wyſe
So ſhoulde they do their ſeruice
Alaſſe who woulde not mone
Or rather grount or grone
To ſe ſuche ſeruice gone
Whiche ſaued many one
From dedly ſynne and ſhame
And many a ſpote of blame
From purgatorye payne
And many ſhowre of rayne
Wel yet I ſaye agayne
Some honeſt men remayne
And kepe there cuſtomes ſtil
And euer more wyl
Wherfore in dede my read is
To take you to your beades
All men and women I ſaye
That vſeth ſo to prayе

That

That such good prestes mate
Continue so alwaye
Or eles none other like
But al lieth in the dyke
And loke ye do not faynt
But pray to some good saynt
That he maye make restraint
Of all these straung facions
And greate abonamacions
Because I maye not tary
I praye to swete Sir Harry
A man that wyl not vary
And one that is no sculker
But kna. knyghte of the sepulchre
That he maye stand fast
And be not ouer cast
Or eles to be the last
Of al them that do yelde
In city towne or fielde
For if he stike therin
No doute he shal not blin
Tyl he come to eternitie
With al his whole fraternite
Amen therfore saye ye
That his partakers be
Ye get no more of me

Finis.